

Peninsula Enterprise.

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Ladies' Fine Shoes a Specialty.
I also have in stock a large quantity
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I cordially invite you to come and ex-
amine for your selves. Thanking you
for past favors and soliciting a share of
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Pure Fish Guano,

all of which they are prepared to supply
those wishing a first-class fertilizer.
They have established a depository at
Custis' Wharf, Pocomoke, where farm-
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Prices until further notice, as follows

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In Quality and Simplicity.

It has no Rival. Others hold and try
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IT STANDS BOLD AT THE FRONT.

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THE WHITE

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come and see me, or write to me, and I
will sell you ANY MACHINE
that can be bought,
but none so good as

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of Furniture, Pictures Framed, or
anything else in our line promptly at-
tended to. COFFINS, CASKETS and
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fish and wild fowl privileges unsur-
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And town lots for business men at the
new stations on the railroad constantly
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Slocomb & Ames,

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cities with the largest, handsomest,
and we think the best selected stock
of goods we have ever offered to the
public.

Come early and get your pick

of the most complete line of Dress
Goods in the county.

NOTHING LIKE

our stock of Cloaks has ever been
shown before in these parts.
Russian Circulars, New
Markets, Dolmans,
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from 4 years old to No. 42 for
ladies. Call and be convinced.

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NEW YORK.

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James, Locustville, or at ENTER-
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Daniel Martin. Josh. B. Clifford.

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Produce and Fruits.

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Stencils furnished on application.

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Shipping No. 33

MY OLD HOME.

It stands upon a sunny slope,
And fronts the herby hollow
Where glens and vines have ample scope

The wistful brook to follow:
Which hatches drop their magic wands
In search of golden treasure;

And, lying in the silent ponds,
The trout find quiet pleasure.

The snowy downy stars the copse,
Ferns nod in fringed beauty,
The violet has modest hopes

To pay her fragrant duty,
The arum darts a mottled tongue
To Indian-pipe, and yucca

With every flower the muse has sung
Arbutus pale is sighing

HIS WHITE FLOWER.

CHAPTER I.

It is really too shabby; I ought
not to wear it. I ought not to go."

"Dear, you look so pretty and so
dainty in it, what can you say! I'm
sorry but—"

"Oh, well, if you like it I'll keep
it on; perhaps it's because I have
worn it so many times, the lace is
mended in so many places; it's really
such an old friend, Grace, that I am
tired of it and must get a new one
somewhere."

"Rose, I can't bear to hear you
talk like that, not even in jest."

The pale sweet face of the elder
sister had grown paler still. There
was a pained look in the soft eyes,
and her breath came quick. "If
you want a new dress there is
some money laid away in the box
there—but we can get along—and
you may use it."

She stopped; it seemed that the
crowding tears would not let her go
further. Her voice gave out.

"Grace"—and the pretty young
girl took that pale, quivering face
in her two slim hands—"you
thought I was in earnest? You
could think so badly as that of me!
No, I will never joke again. I will
always be in dead earnest. I have
noticed before now that I get into
a great deal of trouble because of
my foolish habit of joking. And
now—now kiss me."

Was not that sad faced, gentle
young woman, with the tears not
quite vanished from her own eyes,
proud to touch with soft caress the
round cheek turned so prettily to-
ward her?

"You know your pretty way of
joking makes one of my greatest
pleasures," she answered, and I am
a foolish woman, but if you want
the dress—"

"Willst du mir nicht einen kuss
geben?" called a clear voice from
the open window. Both of the
girls turned. A pleasant-faced
blonde, with a blonde beard, and
pleasant blue eyes smiling from un-
der thick waves of curling fair hair
—was peering at them.

"Oh, Raymond, is it you?" two
voices spoke together. This smiling
apparition, Raymond Brent,
held out a dewy knot of flowers—
all green leaves, white buds and
tiny tendrils. There exquisite fra-
grance filled the room.

"It is my contribution," he said,
flushing behind the curtain that he
pushed back with one hand, "I got
them as I came along at Floer's."

"Ah, ah! how beautiful! How
can we thank you, Ray? Oh! why
was I not born a flower—just a
white rose like this? Then I should
not have to trouble about a new
dress. Now, Miss Grace Wilmont!"

The blue eyes of the young man
from the first had been fixed on
this slim, fair, flower bud of a girl,
who was hovering over his gift in
an ecstasy of delight. The eyes
flushed with pleasure, as she took
a spray of buds from the bunch
and turned to her sister.

"You may put these right there,
if you please—there in that bunch
of curls over my forehead, so that
improves the matter."

"She had been fretting about her
dress," exclaimed Miss Wilmont to
the young man in the window.

"Her dress! Why, what is the
matter with it?" he asked, opening
his eyes wide.

"It is old, and it is old fashioned
and it is ugly," ejaculated Rose,
with emphasis.

"Why, I was just thinking how
pretty it is, and I wondered if you
had made it new for the occasion,"
remarked that stupid young man.

"All that green color with white,
just like an apple and a bud; I
thought you must be a flower bud
yourself unfolded."

Miss Wilmont smiled, but Rose
made a dainty face.

"The lace is mended all over, but
then it's real lace—real Mechlin
lace," she observed, bewildering
her masculine admirer by grave
technicalities.

Happily he only saw the face, the
brown hair ruffling on the forehead
the lovely eyes that laughed at him
the low, sweet voice that patro-
nized him.

"Oh, Blume, weisse Blume!" he
repeated rapturously.

"Please don't talk in that awk-
ward German," cried Rose, petti-
shly. "It only makes me think of
my school lessons, and I can't un-
derstand it, either. How can I tell
whether you are laughing at me or
paying me a compliment?"

The young man laughed. "Oh,
Blume! I was paying you a com-
pliment—a just tribute."

"And the other—when you first
came?"

Raymond blushed and fidgeted.

"That—oh, that was just non-
sense; I must ask you to pardon it,"
he stammered.

The grave, soft eyes of Miss Wil-
mont looked at him as if she would
say she had no fear he would say
to them again that would be dis-
pleasing. She glanced at his dress
and then said doubtfully:

"Were you going to the park,
Ray—were you on your way?"

Raymond shrugged his shoulders,
smiling.

"I shall go presently. But I shall
wait till the brass band and the
speech-making are over. I don't
wish to be defamed and disgusted
at the same time."

Both of the girls laughed at his
unmistakable look of distaste. Rose
nodded at him from over her shoulder,
her little white hat, with its
bluebell and snow drops, making
a shadow for her eyes to shine out
of into his.

"Oh, querulous musician! I won-
der that a young man who has
such a fear for discord can't make
better music of his own, especially
when he is the owner of, beside a
cat, a genuine Paganini violin!"

CHAPTER II.

The two young people went away
in opposite directions, and Grace
left alone sat for a long time in the
little room in the lowering sun-
shine, silent, but quite sad; at least
her smile was stronger than her
tears, and held its place on her
pale mouth.

It was thinking of the pretty,
young, brown-haired maiden, be-
tween whom and utter loneliness
and helplessness in a hard world
only her frail life and Raymond—
For Raymond loved the charming
Rose; Grace was sure of that—
But Rose! Ah! she was the "weisse
Blume," truly—the white flower
about which the swan might circle,
singing its plaintive song till it
should die.

"I wish, Oh, I wish!"—and Grace
clapped her hands together with
nervous force—"I wish Rose could
love him. I could be happy then."

The large tears rose and fell.

"Surely a girl's heart is not so
hard to win if one knows the way."

And the trouble was that Ray
did not "know the way." He was
good, he was gentle and kind; he
would flush and stammer when the
merry little maid asked him out
to do something for her; then he
would rush and stumble over his
own feet a dozen times in the ef-
fort to obey her, and Rose would
laugh at him.

"Willst du mir nicht einen kuss
geben?"

"I think," said Grace to herself,
"I think if Ray would say that to
her some day in earnest and claim
the kiss and take it as his right, he
might win my little Rose."

It was late when Rose returned,
Grace had been sitting gloomily
alone in the room, where shaded
lamplight and flooded moonlight,
pouring through open window and
door, made the place a power of
golden dusk.

Tossing aside her hat and little
white shawl, Rose flung herself on
the floor at her sister's feet. Grace
placed her loving hands on the
soft, brown, curling locks veiling
the bright head.

"Did you have a happy day?"

"Oh, yes," was the answer, given
with magnificent indifference.

"And was Ray there?"

"Way—yes, you mean old Way, the
band master, of course he was
there. How could there be a brass
band without Mr. Way to lead it?"
replied Miss Rose.

Grace touched with a finger of
gentle reproach the naughty lips of
the speaker.

"Do you think I should inquire
after such a person as that?"

"Oh, then you mean your friend
Raymond—the one who makes
quotations in German to show that
he is learned. Yes, certainly he
was there, but I did not see very
much of him."

"But why!" And now Miss
Wilmont's face grew grave, her
voice fell. "But why, my Darling?
Surely—"

"Oh, I don't know," Rose
stretched up two slender white
hands, clasping them indolently